

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 31, 1913.

FOR MAYOR.
Patrick A. Joyce.
FOR CITY CLERK.
Harvey Rostker.
CITY JUDGE.
Patrick Boudhan.
COUNCILMAN-AT-LARGE.
J. A. McCullough, George N. Whitman and Joseph Padel.
COUNCILMAN, FIRST WARD.
George Cimmerman.
SECOND WARD.
Sever Thompson.
THIRD WARD.
Jere T. Hagerty.
FOURTH WARD.
Andrew Siefert.
FIFTH WARD.
George Phillips.
SIXTH WARD.
John K. Smogor.
SEVENTH WARD.
Gustav F. Haslanger.

A SIGNIFICANT ENDORSEMENT.

The full significance of the sweeping endorsement given by United States Sen. B. F. Shively to the city democratic ticket, is gradually sinking in on the consciousness of South Bend and as that significance is realized, the better become the chances for a sweeping victory for Mr. Joyce and his associates next Tuesday.
Sen. Shively is no mere party bound partisan. He is a democrat spelled with a capital D, a progressive democrat of the school of Woodrow Wilson. He is the kind of a democrat who is interested primarily in the carrying out of principles that are important to the welfare of the whole people.
Moreover Shively speaks from first hand knowledge. If Pres. Wilson himself should come here to speak in the interests of democratic victory in South Bend, his words would be less entitled to weight than those of Mr. Shively. For this is Shively's home town. He knows the men and the issues. He is not talking generalities. He is not discussing academic theories. His endorsement of the city ticket is not a blind endorsement. It is made only after a careful appreciation of the situation, and an understanding growing out of many years' acquaintance.

Moreover Sen. Shively comes back to us with an increased breadth of vision. He has the advantage of perspective. He can see that this citizens' movement is simply a temporary expedient to get into office, that it is a party that is here today and gone tomorrow, that it will die when it has served its purpose—or failed in that purpose. He can see that the men who are boosting for the citizens' movement are simply using plausible terms to fool the people and conceal their real aim and purpose—which is to drive the democrats out of the city hall. That is all there is to this citizens' movement in its best analysis—a desire to overcome the democrats and gain control of the city. High sounding words and phrases are but means to an end.

Regardless of politics or partisanship, no one who has watched Sen. Shively's political career will believe that if the present administration was a thing to be ashamed of, a "city hall gang" of law defying politicians as reckless citizens' orators proclaim, that Shively would endorse it.
When all the dust and smoke of personal abuse and vindictive personal attack have passed away, the big substantial things in democratic city administration will stand out as they appeared to Sen. Shively and as he described them to his fellow citizens—honesty, economy, good government.
These are the things that count—and will count with the thinking voters as they approach the polls next Tuesday.

ENGLAND'S LAND MOVEMENT.

The British land movement, led by Lloyd-George is the topic of most absorbing interest in England. It affects the welfare of the people more than any other subject that has been agitated in recent years.
The object is to make the land available for purchase and cultivation by the common people, the people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.
Under the present laws the lands are held in large bodies by the nobility and other specially favored people and cultivated, as far as they are cultivated, under the tenant system, which is repressive in its effects. Millions of acres are devoted to show purposes, hunting preserves and in other ways for the benefit of the landlords.
The farming people of England in a large sense are little better than peons. They have no future, no perspective. Their eyes and their noses are glued to the ground.
"The workman," says Lloyd-George, "is worse off than he used to be. There was a time when he had an interest in his own land—a freehold interest. The laborer was a freeholder in the land. He had his commons; there he could graze a cow that would give him milk and butter

for himself and children. There was a little patch where he could raise corn to feed them. There he had his poultry, his geese, his pigs, a patch of land where he could raise green produce for the table. He was a gentleman; he was independent. He had a stake in the country. His title was as ancient and apparently as indefeasible as that of the lord of the manor. Where has it gone to? Stolen. Landlord parliament's have annexed Naboth's vineyard."
The United States was drifting in the same direction until the government stepped in and broke up the land grabbing game. There is still too much of it in America. We have lords of the manor as well as England, but they have seen their best days.

If the land movement in England results as happily the stimulating effect on agriculture will be similar to that witnessed in this country through the reclamation of gobbled lands and the opening of them to purchase and settlement.

THE SUPREME FEAT.

Adolphe Pegoud, the French upside down aviator, thinks the negotiation of the Atlantic ocean feasible under favorable conditions. He is willing to try it and thinks it will be accomplished in the near future.
Pegoud scouts the idea that his topsy-turvy performances in midair are foolhardy. If he thought they were he says he would not do them. He declares he is a sane aviator and attempts only what he is quite sure he can perform. An aerial trip across the Atlantic, he says, is merely a matter of precautions, which means making the long flight over water comparatively as safe as shorter flights over land.

One would want a waterplane of sufficient size, a motor of extraordinary power, wireless equipment and a convoy of swift vessels, torpedo boats he suggests. From a superficial study he thinks aviation is so far advanced the flight might now be attempted across the shortest route, from the west coast of Ireland to Newfoundland.

It can hardly be expected that the first attempt at so long a flight should succeed, nor can it be hoped that several will not fail; but each failure will contribute to the success of the next venture by pointing out the mistakes. Doubtless there is a way of doing it if it can be found, and it will. Sacrifice of human life and capital in the development of aviation have taught us that nothing can stop it.

There is no reason to doubt that the crossing of the Atlantic will be accomplished within the next few years. Among aviators this feat is regarded as the greatest prize of the air. They are all building up to it.

FOR COUNCIL—GEORGE W. PHILLIPS.

When a citizen owns property, real, tangible property, property that cannot be stolen, burned up or blown away his value to the community is more than doubled.
It takes him out of that element of society known as floating population and puts him in the permanent class. He is anchored. He has taken a permanent place in the world. He is one of the fixtures. When you want him you know where to find him.
His interests are identical with the interests of other property owners about him. He may be relied upon to so conduct himself in private and public affairs that those interests will not be disturbed to their disadvantage.
For example George W. Phillips, democratic candidate for councilman from the fifth ward has been a property owner in the fifth ward for twenty-seven years. He is a permanent part of the population of that ward. His home interests are there. What is helpful to the welfare of his neighbors is helpful for his own. Their interests are mutual.
Being a property owner, a home owner, Mr. Phillips is in touch and sympathy with every home owner in South Bend. As a member of the city council he has zealously guarded the rights and property of the home owner.

The home is the basis of good citizenship. Mr. Phillips appreciates its value to the community. He believes in conserving and protecting it. He would make a safe, competent member of the council and should be elected.

Dirty politics, mud-slinging, misrepresentation, false pretenses and four-flushing are the characteristics of the so-called citizens' movement. Can its candidates be trusted with the management of public affairs? Answer the question for yourself.

Tearing down established customs leads to the anarchistic spirit which prompted an orator of the so-called citizens' party to propose to tear down the national flag that float over the city halls and the school houses.

The democratic ticket is composed of reputable citizens fairly nominated by a majority of the democratic voters of the city. It is not, like the so-called citizens' ticket, the work of dirty politics.

Four years from now the Tribune will have forgotten all about non-partisanship in municipal campaigns. The Tribune has a convenient memory.

The distribution of promises by the so-called citizens' candidate for mayor continues with a recklessness which indicates that he does not expect to be in a position to redeem them.

On the so-called citizens' vaudeville route they are all one night stands, in the opinion of Sen. Shively. And the sequel will prove the accuracy of the senator's diagnosis.

The democrat who votes against the democratic ticket in this campaign is disloyal to the party now controlling the destinies of the nation.

There is nothing behind the so-called citizens' movement except the selfish ambitions of the Keller-Happ-Miller combination.

Patrick Joyce is a man of the people. He will be the mayor of the people. Remember that.

The democratic ticket commands the respect and merits the support of every democrat.

If the democrats are defeated in this campaign it will be their own fault.

Meantime, swat the fly.

WHAT'S DOING IN SOUTH BEND TODAY

Divorce Question at the Oliver.

Gentleman from Mississippi at the Auditorium.

County teachers' institute begins.

Highway celebration to be held. Auto parade and band fire at Springbrook.

THE HAVEN

BY BERTON BRALEY

A haven of refuge that busted folks fly to
A shelter at times from the wolf at the door;
A spot where we cash on our assets—or try to,
When worries financial assail us galore;
We've most of us been there for many a visit,
When our keeps going and income doth stop,
You know what I mean, though you query, "what is it?"
That home of "mine ankel"—the pawnbroker's shop.

Yes, over his counter we've all of us haggled,
At some time or other when fortune is low,
The rich and the splendid, the poor and bedraggled,
The thief and the saint, as they come and they go;
The pawnbroker welcomes us all with a smile,
For he is the reaper and we are the crop,
And cheaply he pays us and closely he measures,
We take what we get at the pawnbroker's shop!

We call him a robber, a Shylock, a miser,
Yet often we're thankful the pawnbroker's there,
We come from his clutches much poorer—and wiser,
Yet sometimes he lifts us from woe and despair;
When friends are not eager to aid and abet you
In lifting yourself from the hole where you drop,
When creditors harry and worry and fret you,
You'll often find help at the pawnbroker's shop.

JOHNNY WRITES
n. y. toosdy—a bunch of fellers was setting around at the friers' club the other nite, when in walked a guy they hadn't seen for about 6 months
"hello, sam," they said, where have you been and what has happened to you, you look as if you had been drug through a nothole
"by golly, sam says, i have had the tuffest luck that ever a human being had
"if sumboddy will buy me a drink, i will promise not to commit suicide for 15 minutes, and i will tell you the sad story
"so a feller that was working that week brought him a drink, and told him to shoot the hard luck yarn
"well, says sam, i bought a unkel tom's cabin show that was for sail pretty cheap, and went on the road
"i had a feller named peters for treasurer, a darn smart guy, always right on the job, and everything went fine
"when we had been out 4 weeks we was about 5 hundred bucks till the good feller peters
"i was feeling pretty hally till i woke up one morning and found peters had ducked out with all the cash
"god dine him, i says to myself, i bet i'll catch him and i set the blood hounds we had in the show on his trail
"and did they run him down, asked one of the friers
"sure they did, says sam
"and when they had run him down, he puts ropes around their necks and started another unkel tom's cabin show.
JOHNNY.

Eczema and Itching Cured.
The soothing, healing medication in DR. HOBSON'S ECZEMA OINTMENT penetrates every tiny pore of the skin, clears it of all impurities—stops itching instantly. Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment is guaranteed to speedily heal eczema, rashes, ringworm, tetter and other unsightly eruptions. Eczema Ointment is a doctor's prescription, not an experiment. Ask druggists or by mail, Dr. Preffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

THE MELTING POT
COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

ALONG with the harvest moon and the first killing frost, along with the gaud and gaily of nature's climatic achievement, along with the corn and the pumpkins and the blending of summer and winter clothes, along with the return of the reading lamp and the crackling fire in the grate, and sweet cider, hickory nuts and fall pippins, along with these and many other things good, bad and indifferent, October brings us Halloween.

LIKE chiggers in the beautiful woods, like mosquitoes on the moonlit lake, Halloween comes to torment and dispel.

MISCHIEF on the wings of night flies abroad seeking whom she may distress.

The Truthful Reporter.
(Logansport Pharos-Reporter.)
Mrs. Peter Hobson-Jones, age 47 years, died today. She was the wife of Peter Jones, who resides on Sixth street. Mrs. Hobson-Jones will not be missed by either her husband or those who knew her. She was one of the most disagreeable busy-bodies that ever lived in Logansport. As a gossip she had no equal and her fiery lying tongue has blasted the reputation of more than one good girl in Logansport. She was prominent in church affairs but only went for what she could get out of it. She is bound to make things warm for old Nick when she gets down below.

"ARE all those boys who play bawl, baseball and football in your front yard every Sunday morning your own children, step or—just kids?" queries "Me" who from the drumstomces we suspect must share with us the spectacle described and is inclined to be facetious.

THEY may be kids. We don't know. But there's no doubt about our being the goat.

A Rare Instance.
(Exchange.)

A post mortem examination will be held by Coroner Luehring today to determine the cause of death of Otto Jaeger, a laborer who died suddenly (without the aid of a physician) in his home, 2427 Bismarck street, Tuesday night.

ON the vaudeville circuit they are saying that it is so dry in Kokomo there are frogs two years old that

haven't learned to swim. Even the sand in the bars is dusty.

SIR:—Mother used to tie a cloth over the top of our rain barrel to keep the wigglers out. T. R. L.

REVIVING an old and familiar subject, what HAS become of the public comfort station?

A Methodist Flag Station.
(Knox Republican.)

Since the removal of Rev. Clements this charge is again made a flag station on the great Methodist route. We in common with many others have often wondered why a town of 1500 souls could not be a regular stop for that denomination for a man about the size of Mr. Clements and in commenting on this recently we were good naturedly rebuked by a good brother of that faith who said that if everybody paid as liberally as we did they soon would lose the right to flag any kind of a preacher at all. We caught the point. Saving souls like everything else is figured down to a dollar and cent basis. The preacher has to live and if his profession doesn't command the price here he moves on to a place where it does. Carnegie should endow such charges as this so the preacher would have nothing to look after but sinners who need saving but you'll chip in to pay the pilot.

THE kind of consideration Huerta assured Gen. Diaz might not have been what the general desired and he took no chances. He may have missed something, but must be consoled by the reflection that it is not his head.

NUMEROUS wise guys are telling Pres. Wilson what ought to be in the currency bill, but apparently nobody has been able to suggest anything the president didn't know before. It is a good bet that the recommendation for banking and currency legislation had been in soak for some time.

MRS. PANKHURST isn't creating enough disturbance to divert people from their daily occupations. The Americans seem to have very little time for her. In fact without militancy Mrs. Pankhurst is quite an ordinary woman.

WE have plenty of that kind.

C. N. F.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction
THE MARSHAL
By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of The Perfect Tribute, etc.
Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continued From Thursday.)
Francis considered, and, feeling no fear in his soul, decided that he was the man destined to take the key out of the dog's mouth and get the treasure, which he would at once transfer intact to his mother. He had no need for treasure; there were things more important to him than that. He became a marshal of France. Napoleon had said so; it must be so; but he should like, on the way to this goal, to face the dog and take the key and give his mother the treasure. He knew she would like it, for he had heard her say to his father only yesterday, "Ah Francis, if we had a little more silver we could do this." It would be pleasant to arrange that for his mother, and shortly after to become a marshal of France.

In the gaiety of the thought, and feeling both ambitions all but accomplished by his decision, he lifted himself on the palms of his hands and kicked out lightly over the abyss. As he kicked there was a sudden strong grip on his shoulder; he was jerked backward and rolled on the grass. "Are you tired of life at this age then?" a strident voice demanded, and Francis lay on his back and regarded wondering, as he saw the broad lined face of a big man standing over him. The two stared, and then: "You believe yourself to be an eagle, and you are on the point of flying? Is that it?" The abrupt virile voice threw the questions at him, and Francis smiled sweetly. He knew this to be sarcasm, though he did not know that name for it, and from the sweet soundness of his soul the arrow of sarcasm slid off always as a glancing brightness and left no poison. Francis smiled; then laughed with assurance of the other's friendliness up into the air. It was his face. He got to his feet and stood.

"No, M'sieur," he said politely. "I did not think myself an eagle. I was only pleased at thinking what I am going to do some day, something much better than an eagle," and he nodded with a confidence in the stranger's sympathy.

"Ah!" The deep strong voice seemed to be fired like a cannon-shot from the ambush of the bristling mustache. "Great things are likely to happen to you, it seems then, you small peasant. Is it permitted to ask what magnificent it is that you are to be?" "Certainly it is permitted, M'sieur," Francis answered in his courageous, courteous way. "I am one day to be a Marshal of France, M'sieur."

The man, big, solidly aggressive, and the little peasant boy, gentle, humbly-clad, unafraid, faced each other a minute in silence, each interested simply in the other as in a new experience, each unconscious of himself and of the other's interest.

Then, "Ah!" the man said again. "It is a good business which you have entered by your choice? You are without doubt a close friend of his gracious majesty, King Louis Elighteenth, our ruler?"

"No, M'sieur," little Francis hastened to set him right. "I am not of that party, M'sieur. Me, I am Bonaparte. I shall one day be a Marshal of France under another Bonaparte."

The large eyes lifted and his gaze flung away across the afternoon landscape as he quoted in a lowered voice the words which the emperor had spoken over him.

The stranger watched him, astonished, and then he laid his hand on the slim shoulder in its homespun blouse, and his grave voice was gentle. "My child, be careful how you say words like those; you may get your father into trouble. It is a good belief to keep in one's heart, and you and I may yet shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for a Napoleon again. Yes, and you may be Marshal—who knows! But keep your tongue inside your teeth, boy; now is not the time to talk.

And do not hang over old walls when the kicking fit is on you, else we shall have one great man less in the world shortly. I must go on. Good day, my friend, the Marshal."

And Francis, as he had been taught, put his heels together and made a low bow, and answered quite simply, "Good day, M'sieur."

CHAPTER III
Without Fear.

The glider was at work gilding the great hall on top of the church steeple. Every twenty years this had to be done, and it was an event in the village. It was said that it cost much money; there were rumors that it cost as much as a thousand francs. The glider knew, of course, and the Cure knew, but neither of them told. Moreover, it was dangerous, and, like all dangers, fascinating.

The boys of Viqueux stood in groups in the street with their heads bent back, watching the tiny figure of a man that crept up an invisible ladder far in the air, lashed to the side of the steeple. Up and up it went, like a fly, crawling on the fleche, and there was a sinking feeling in each boy's stomach which was delightful, to think how at any moment that creeping black spot which was the glider might fall down, down, and be dashed to pieces. They wished no ill to the glider, who was a stranger not of their village, nevertheless it would be a proud thing to say that they had seen him killed. Life and suffering meant nothing to a boy, but an event is a pleasure. Many of the girls turned away their heads and cried out, "I can't look; I'm afraid he will be killed." And at this the boys felt superior because they were not afraid but rather hopeful of a catastrophe. There are points of difference between boys and girls.

Francis, however, did not think about the glider at all, yet his mind was on the gilding of the hall every minute of the day. He wished earnestly, passionately, to crawl up that ladder and be himself that fly against the fleche. He felt that he could not possibly go on living with self-respect, that feat being unaccomplished.

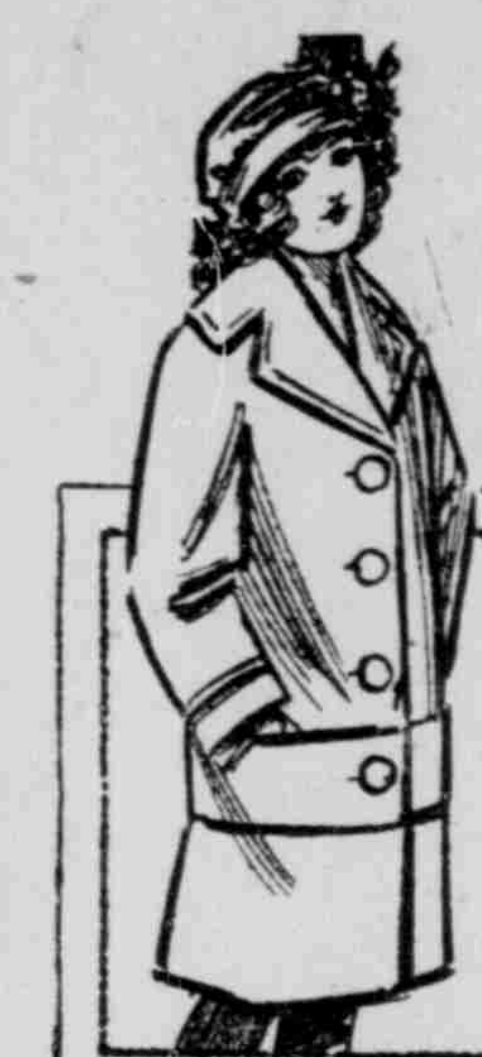
He was a good lad and an obedient one normally, and he knew that his father and mother would forbid such an attempt with horror, but that counted for nothing against the strength of his desire. It was a possession, an obsession; the thought drew him as martyrdom draws a fanatic. Three days he watched the work, standing with the other boys, all their dark little heads bent back as their eyes followed the invisible brush which was noiselessly, slowly turning the dull surface of the hall into a golden lamp hung on the blue sky. The boys talked among themselves about it.

"When I am a man I shall do such work," Achille Dufour announced in a bold voice. "Probably I shall be up there some day where the glider is now, and all of you down below watching me."

And the others jeered frankly. "You—you who fall over a fence—you inde!" said his cousin Henri scornfully. "But as for me, I would not be afraid to climb up there today, and at that there was a chorus of protest.

(To Be Continued.)

Great Styles In Coats For Girls and Misses



—at Wilhelm's
What style to get for the daughter, whether young girl, the girl in the "awkward age" or the young woman in her teens; what materials, what color, what price—These and all similar questions will be fully and finally answered by coming to Wilhelm's.

COMPLETE AND SPLENDID VARIETY OF GIRLS' COATS AT \$2.95, \$5, \$8.95, \$10.

Coats of durable cheviot with broad trimmings; beautiful brown mixtures, with collars and cuffs of brown corduroy, all \$2.75
Girls' Coats of Zibeline, in red and blue, velvet trimmed collar and belt in the back; the smartest sort of models \$5
A Selection of Girls' Coats made of Blue Broadcloth, with long shoulders and neat button trimmed; nifty Novelty cloths of red and brown stripes; beauties in Boucle and Navy Blue Corduroy; some in Norfolk style, with the all-around belt as pictured, \$10 and \$8.75

NEW SPORT COATS FOR MISSES.

All Wool Novelty Cloth Coats in blue and red, with Civet collar, \$10
Red, brown and blue Chin-chillas, with belt all-around; some white button trimmed \$10
Sport Coats, for motorizing and general wear, of gray striped Novelty Cloth, with broad shoulders and belt all around \$12.50
Red Corduroy, satin lined, long shoulder effect \$22.50

MORE AND PRETTIER STYLES AND—"THEY COST LESS AT WILHELM'S"
LADIES' READY TO WEAR.

Wilhelm's
CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON.



"Your House Is So Popular!"
"Yes—electric light makes a house so cheerful, you know, and our friends cannot resist the attraction."

Let us wire your house for Edison Mazda Lamps, those bulbs of "bot-tled sunshine," which have popularized so many thousands of houses throughout the country. The cost of wiring is but a trifle compared with the benefits of electric light.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

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WHEN HELLER SAYS
IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK